NANCY HILL.

By John Cross.—Air : Home o'er the Mountains.

I've traveled over mountains,
And the woods so dark and still,
When my heart will often languish
For my dear sweet Nancy Hill.

CHORUS.

Oh, Nancy Hill ; oh, Nancy dear,
You have left me now for ever,
But now I see your smiling face,
Which no man e'er can sever.

'Twas in a calm and quiet night,
When the stars did shine on high.
She spoke and with a voice did say :
Meet me beyond the sky.
Oh, Nancy Hill, &c.

I softly to her bedside crept,
Her faltering frame to behold,
I felt her, when my heart I smote,
For every thing was cold.
Oh, Nancy Hill, &c.

Now twenty years have passed away,
And good memory comes back still,
But what is the world with riches therein,
Compared with my dear Nancy Hill.
Oh, Nancy Hill, &c.

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